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John Marston: One Last Ride

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Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

Disclaimer: John Marston is a fictional character from the hit Rockstar game, Red Dead Redemption. However, the ideas presented in this story are original. WARNING: Mild language and violence.

Here I stand, hand in hand with my poor Abigail. She had been struck down with some form of disease- a one high falootin doctor's called "cancer." The meaning of the word was lost to me, and I couldn't understand it. I didn't want to understand it. If Abigail were to pass, Jack, my son, would be all that I have left. Heaven knows where that boy is at now.

It had just been me and Abigail here at the home ranch for a while. Uncle had passed from drinking too much- it was that old bastard's vice. I had kicked drinking ever since Jack had left. It has been close to three years now, or what has felt like being three years. Abigail and me had been holding down the fort just fine on our own, but then she started getting real sick. We were out counting heads of cattle, when she started to swoon and get real pale. I thought it was just the heat or the stench of the bovines getting to her, but then it kept happening. I took the risk of taking her by chariot to the doctor in Blackwater. The doctor was a rather queer kind of man.

I don't know what he did, but he must have done something because when we got back, she was still there. She looked like a Pinner, though. Her skin was pale and her hair was matted. She didn't look like the Abigail I knew. She was broken. Her spirit was gone, and so was mine. I had to tell her that I would take care of her body and hold her until her soul found its way home.

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that could not be tamed. Believe me, I tried. Many years of bickering back and forth and we still loved each other like school children, if there was such a love so young. The Doc had been by recently to check on Abby, only to tell me that she was getting worse. Did he not think I could see that for myself? I might be getting up in age now, but I'm sure as Hell not blind. I can't leave her side. I love her too much to let her pass alone.

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It's been two months now since I've buried my sweet Abby. There is still no sign of Jack, and there hasn't been for a long time. Some times I wonder if he too is sleeping in the ground in parts unknown. The harsh West-Elizabeth winter would be coming soon. I laid Abigail next to uncle, his pathetic cross grave-marker all crooked like- kind of like the man he was. I ain't no saint, but I still cared for him. He hardly said a kind thing to me, but he saved me from that orphanage so long ago. It's sometimes hard to believe the fool is dead. I can still hear his voice echoing sometimes in the night, and hear the whiskey bottles clinking. Doc said I might want to get that checked out.

I decided that if there was ever a night to start drinking again, tonight would be that night. After a while I feel better, not as much crushed as I used to be. Whether it be the liquor or my mind going to shit, i felt the need to ride. I didn't know where, and I didn't know for how long, but I needed to get there.

In the morning, I'll ride.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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After Abigail had died, John sold most of the cattle and horses. He had kept one black mare- one he had broken himself. It had no name yet, so John decided to name it Abigail's Nymph, or Ebony.

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